

Surprised 1501

Chapter 1501: Only Love is the Most Attractive

Tristan gazed at the small snowman bathed in warm yellow light, his voice gentle. "The brightness is fine, everyone has worked hard. We need to maintain this tomorrow, check everything carefully, we cannot afford any mistakes."

"Alright, rest assured, everything is progressing according to your plan."

Tristan handed them the design drawings.

He looked around, reminding, "We also need to hang lights on these trees. We should make good use of the romantic atmosphere, so try not to knock the snow off the branches."

"Alright, Mr. Norwell."

"Thank you, everyone." Tristan gratefully glanced at all the people busily working on the scene, then turned and left with peace of mind.

Choosing this place for his confession was the result of his long deliberation. This was the most suitable location.

Just as he sat in the driver's seat, Tristan took out his phone and saw that Jennifer had sent him a

message on Facebook.

She had sent him a draft. Tristan was delighted; it was exactly what he wanted-identical to what he had purchased in the boutique that day!

However, this time he had to inlay a real diamond, to upgrade its class and make this headband more meaningful.

Yes, Tristan decided to make a romantic confession tomorrow night.

He knew Monica would worry about Claire to some extent, so he decided to put in some effort to reassure her, to let her know that she was special.

But for Tristan, Claire had already become a thing of the past.

Nighttime.

Inside Algerone's idle small western-style building, the heating system was very effective, making the indoor environment and the snowy kingdom outside seem like two different worlds.

Monica had just finished bathing, wearing a nightgown and emanating a sweet fragrance from her shower.

She was humming a song with a joyful mood.

Standing in front of her bed, she reached out and stroked the tall transparent cylindrical plush doll storage box.

She couldn't help but recall the moment when Tristan held her hand to grab the doll. The electrifying happiness was irreplaceable by anything else.

And the five-pointed star headband he bought for her, although it was cheap, it was priceless in her eyes.

So she had treasured it, even feeling reluctant to wear it on her head.

Perhaps, she was already in love with Tristan.

This was the feeling of loving someone, a bit fearful of gaining and losing, being cautious, regardless of whether she could get him or not.

Even if he didn't love her, Monica was willing to drown in this one-way rush of love. Being good friends with him was also a kind of happiness.

But Tristan once saved her without regard for his own safety, maybe... maybe he also liked her?

In the living room downstairs.

Belinda stood alone by the window, gazing at the snowy scenery outside under the light of the yard lamp, not knowing what she was expecting.

The scene of Algerone eating noodles here kept flashing in her mind, making her inexplicably melancholic and somewhat depressed.

On the same night, Algerone Swain was in his yard, caring for his carefully nurtured roses, especially worried that they would freeze to death.

But why was he doing this?

When he remembered the man who drove Belinda home, and how he took off his coat to drape it over her, Algerone Swain felt a suffocating discomfort in his heart.

As he was struggling with his melancholy, his phone rang.

Brushing the snow off his hands, Algerone Swain took out his phone from his pocket, glanced at the caller ID, and answered, "Hello."

"Mr. Swain, the person you asked me to investigate has been located. His name is Jack Adams."

Algerone Swain listened attentively as the other person said-

"He's Mr. Adams from a welfare home in the southern suburbs, who has adopted eleven homeless

children. He is currently single, and had been married a long time ago. More detailed information has been sent to your email."

Single?

"Alright." Algerone Swain's mood suddenly worsened, once again feeling that this guy was a formidable rival.

After hanging up the phone, with a stern face, he stepped towards the house.

Chapter 1502: The Headband Made Overnight

The reason why Algerone Swain found out about Jack Adams was because he checked the surveillance in the small western-style building's courtyard and took a screenshot of Jack Adams's photo. He wanted to know who this man was, and what his relationship with Belinda was.

It has to be said, even though Algerone Swain planned to let go, he still cared a little bit inside. Looking at the detailed information about Jack Adams in his email, Algerone's brows furrowed, feeling a sense of oppression.

This man was a suave and talented individual, and he was also a master of medical skills, possessing a charm that ordinary men did not have. Moreover, his welfare home was being funded by Belinda, so

their relationship was probably not just ordinary friends. Even if they weren't dating, they were definitely

good friends...

That night, both Belinda and Algerone Swain had a hard time sleeping.

He even began to wonder if Belinda came to Arkpool City for this man?

The next morning.

As the day was just dawning, the vast yard of Emerald Bay was so quiet and cold, a pure white

expanse.

In a design room upstairs, the lights were still bright. Jennifer, not wanting to delay her brother's pursuit

of his girlfriend, really stayed up all night.

She designed and hand-made the headband. Because it was handmade, it looked particularly

exquisite.

The double-row headband had a total of 12 five-pointed stars arranged alternately. It was especially

beautiful.

Ivan Marsh was also here, having accompanied her all night, helping wherever he could.

"Never thought you were quite crafty," Jennifer praised him with a smile. "You polished four of the stars,

didn't you?"

Ivan Marsh's thin lips curled, and he sat down at the corner of the table, reaching out to touch her nose.

"Who made me marry such an excellent wife?"

Jennifer sat in the chair, looking up at him with a smile, her eyes full of tenderness.

Ivan Marsh took the finished headband from her hand and carefully put it in her hair. "Don't move." His

slender fingers picked at her hair, helping her adjust.

"How does it look? Is it pretty?" the woman asked with a smile.

"It's absolutely beautiful." Ivan Marsh was truly amazed. The visual impact of handmade work was truly different.

Jennifer quickly removed it, happily asking, "Where's the box? Quick, put it away. I'll deliver it to him later."

"I'll deliver it. You take a good rest at home, make up for your sleep, and then get checked to see if you're pregnant."

Jennifer agreed, "Alright, you go deliver it, and pass on some experience to my brother while you're at it. Do we need to help out tonight?"

"Come on, it's just a confession, not a proposal," Ivan Marsh analyzed. "If he needs us, he'll contact us.

If we're not in his plan, we shouldn't create chaos."

Actually, Jennifer just really looked forward to it and wanted to witness that moment. But her husband's analysis made sense, so she agreed.

As a result, Jennifer stayed at home to rest. Jolly prepared a meal for her, specially nutritious, treating her as if she was pregnant even though she hadn't been checked yet.

As Tristan's car just stopped at the company entrance, he was unbuckling his seatbelt when a familiar Lamborghini came into view not far away.

When Ivan Marsh got out of the car, Tristan quickly got out of his as well.

Both of them noticed each other at a glance and started walking. Ivan Marsh was holding a small exquisite bag in his hand.

His gaze was firm, his handsome face like a god, his demeanor elegant and noble, his features deep,

his facial features exquisite. He was the epitome of perfection.

Chapter 1503: Are You Interested in Collaborating with Me?

"Mr. Marsh." Tristan halted his steps, taking the initiative to greet him.

Ivan Marsh looked at him, with a gentle gaze and a slight smile on his lips, "Brother." Even though he

was older, this address was strictly in line with their familial relationship.

This reflected Ivan Marsh's respect and care for the Ding family, and also demonstrated his love for

Jennifer.

Ivan Marsh raised the bag in his hand, "Jennie worked overnight to make this, do you want to take a

look?"

"Thank you." Tristan reached out to receive the bag, his gaze always falling on his face, "And thank her

for me, she worked hard."

"I supervised for you the whole night." Ivan Marsh laughed, "I guarantee there are no flaws, we used

the best diamonds."

Tristan felt moved, and for a moment, didn't know what to say.

"Is this for Miss Swain?" Ivan Marsh wanted to confirm, after all, he hadn't explicitly said for whom.

Tristan nodded, "It's for her."

Ivan Marsh smiled lightly, patting his shoulder, "Go for it, pursue bravely. She's worth it, and so are you."

Ivan Marsh was very accurate in assessing people. He had met Miss Swain a few times, and she was a reliable girl.

Tristan smiled, "Would you like to share some experience?"

"I have only one woman by my side, what experience can I share?" Ivan Marsh said with a happy smile, "The most important thing in pursuing a woman is sincerity, never use tricks, heart to heart is the way."

"I've been very sincere." To be honest, Tristan was still a bit nervous, even more cautious than when he was negotiating a billion-dollar project.

Ivan Marsh glanced at his watch, patted his arm again, and said in a relaxed and happy tone, "I'm leaving now, good luck."

"Okay, once my confession is successful, let's arrange a meal together."

"It must be successful." Ivan Marsh said, "I'll be waiting for your treat!"

With that, he turned and walked towards the nearby Lamborghini. This was probably another happy event at home, with the brother no longer single, would the father-in-law be relieved?

Tristan watched him get into the car, watched his car drive away, then looked at the bag in his hand.

The bag was exquisite, and he couldn't wait to see the finished product.

So, he quickly entered the company lobby and headed for the elevator... he was looking forward to the evening.

At nine in the morning.

Tristan and Algerone Swain sat in a clubhouse, their assistants standing at the door. The two presidents sat on the couch by the window, the outdoors was silver-clad, and the indoors were very warm.

Tristan had taken off his suit jacket, a custom-made shirt showcasing his excellent physique, he was calm and gentle.

Algerone Swain had received his call and cleared his schedule to come over, not even asking why.

Tristan handed him detailed information about a real estate project, "Uncle Swain, this is a project we're

launching next spring. Are you interested in collaborating with me?"

Yo?

So, it was work-related.

Algerone Swain wasn't disappointed, he had merely guessed wrong. Being able to cooperate with

Clarke Corp was an honor.

Picking up the information, Algerone Swain skimmed it and agreed readily, "Sure, do you want me to

invest or fund?"

"It's up to you." Tristan handed him another document, "This is the contract, you can choose for

yourself. We welcome you to join us for a win-win cooperation."

Algerone Swain directly took the pen, read through the contract at a glance, then chose to invest and

signed his name at the end of the contract.

"Clarke Corp's real estate has always had a good reputation domestically." Algerone Swain said

enviously, "Your house designers are top-notch, right?"

"The design is done by a team we hired from abroad, combined with some ideas from domestic

designers, so it's all the good ideas blended together, the result of careful carving, not the achievement

of one person."

Algerone Swain admired this.

Tristan inherited Zack's meticulous working style, he really liked Tristan very much, thinking, if he could

be his son-in-law, it would be a great joy!

Putting down the contract, picking up the teacup for a sip, Algerone Swain couldn't help but ask,

"Tristan, you and Monica... do you have any further possibilities?"

Chapter 1504: Is He Going to Confess His Love Tonight?

"As long as Monica is willing, I'll take responsibility for her for the rest of her life." Tristan's gaze was

unusually firm.

Algerone Swain was shocked to his core, seeing that he was sincere from his heart, and that his deep

eyes were also filled with seriousness and sincerity.

Her father probed, suppressing his inner anticipation, "So have you two started dating?"

"I plan to confess my love to her tonight." Tristan extended a sincere invitation, "Would you like to

witness it?"

"..." Algerone Swain was a bit slow to react, but he nodded in agreement.

The destined father-in-law and son-in-law looked at each other. Algerone Swain finally came back to his senses, his eyes infinitely gentle, a warm smile on his lips, "Okay, that's good, very good."

He was naturally satisfied with Tristan.

At two in the afternoon.

Still at the same club, Tristan walked in again, but this time the person he was waiting for was not

Algerone Swain, but Belinda.

He had just settled down on the sofa when he heard footsteps.

As Belinda walked in wearing high heels, Tristan got up to greet her politely, "Hello." He was still very formal.

"Tristan, I don't know why you wanted to see me, but it's good because I wanted to find you too."

Belinda sat down on the opposite sofa, her gaze falling on his face, revealing her powerful aura without a doubt.

Tristan looked at her, sitting across the table from her.

Before he could speak, Belinda glanced at the contract and project details on the round table, then

turned her gaze back to his face, "Tristan, what exactly do you mean by your actions towards Monica?"

Her tone was calm, but there was a sense of questioning.

Hearing her displeasure, Tristan could understand.

Just as he was about to explain something, he heard her ask again, "Are you stringing her along?

Using her as a pastime when you're bored?"

"No, absolutely not." Tristan hurriedly denied, "Auntie, how could you think that?"

"Those worthless dolls, she treasures them by her bed like Buddhas. As someone who's been through it all, as a woman, I can see how much Monica likes you."

For her daughter's sake, Belinda was very straightforward, "If you like her, be with her, if you don't, please be clear about it. Show the honesty of a young man, don't act like a playboy!"

This misunderstanding... was huge!

"Auntie." Tristan explained, "I like her! The reason why I haven't confessed my love so urgently is because I'm seriously treating this relationship, I don't want to be too casual."

Belinda looked at him, discerning the truth in his words. When she saw a touch of firm sincerity, her eyes finally softened.

Tristan's eyes were still serious, "There's a small confession ceremony tonight at the leisure square's hill, you're welcome to witness, I've been preparing for a long time."

This guy... was serious?

Was he going to confess his love tonight?

But why hadn't Monica mentioned it?

At this moment, Tristan quickly said, "I haven't notified Monica yet, I plan to invite her out spontaneously, please keep it a secret, Auntie."

From her mother, Tristan learned an important piece of information, that is, Monica also liked him!

This was fantastic!

So tonight's confession was sure to be successful, but Tristan wanted to give her an unforgettable ceremony, don't all girls have a princess dream?

"Okay, I'll watch."

Belinda's tone was indifferent, then she looked at the contract and project details on the table, "Why did you want to see me?"

"Well, I wanted to discuss a collaboration with you..."

Tristan told her about the advantages of the property they were about to develop in the spring, then talked about their design concept...

Although Belinda didn't say anything, she approved in her heart.

Chapter 1505: Tristan is Really Considerate

"Why would you want to collaborate with me on such a good project?" Belinda looked at him and voiced her thoughts, "Clarke Corp isn't lacking funds, right? Your brand is doing so well and making a steady profit."

"Isn't this a way to bring our relationship closer? To make us family," Tristan was aware that she was not against their relationship, so he said this. He also knew that although she was a powerful woman in the business world, she was first and foremost Monica's mother. She was a generous person who could sponsor orphanages.

In fact, Tristan's idea was simple. As soon as the contract was signed, Belinda and Algerone would form a business friendship. Under Tristan's arrangements, these two would inevitably meet frequently, at meetings and the like. Not only was he managing his own love life, but he was also arranging for

Belinda and Algerone to remarry, all because it was Monica's heartfelt wish. He took note of every casual remark she made.

Belinda looked over the project in detail and listened to his explanation. She approved of it wholeheartedly; it was a risk-free investment. So, she only pondered for two minutes before picking up a pen and signing her name decisively.

Tristan was delighted; half the work was done. He personally poured her a cup of tea, "Belinda, from now on our families are one. I'm looking forward to our cooperation."

Belinda put down the signed contract, looked at him with a serious face, and said, "Tristan, I hope you can be good to Monica for a lifetime."

"Definitely," Tristan treated love the same way he treated his work - with dedication. Because she had let go of her grudges against Algerone, she didn't prevent Tristan from being with her daughter anymore. On hearing this, Tristan was particularly pleased.

He also knew this was the beginning of her forgiveness towards Algerone, so he made a promise, "You can witness this. I will not only be good to Monica but also to you."

Belinda did not say anything else. She took a sip of her tea and stood up to leave, "I'll go first. You're

busy."

Whether she would really come to watch that evening, Tristan was not sure. But he felt that this woman had a soft heart. She would at least not create havoc or obstruct anymore. As long as Uncle Swain worked a little harder, this regrettable marriage would eventually have a perfect conclusion.

At five in the afternoon, Tristan's car stopped at the leisure plaza. He still wasn't reassured after looking at the photos sent from the site and had to come over to see for himself. By then, many young people had already gathered around the pink 'caution line' outside.

The music fountain in the plaza was turned on and the lights were flickering. Especially the female college students from the nearby university city, their eyes were filled with pink bubbles, full of envy.

"Wow, which prince is preparing this for his princess?"

"This is so romantic!"

"The snow lanterns are so thoughtful. Did you see the two huge heart patterns? They're so beautiful!"

"Look, is that the male lead for tonight?" Suddenly, an observant female student pointed to Tristan, who was entering the 'caution line'.

This man was wearing a black suit with a white shirt underneath and a black tie around his neck. He had a tall physique and exuded an aura of noble elegance, the look of a successful businessman. He was talking to the staff, his smile warm. His demeanor was humble and steady, perfectly fitting everyone's fantasies of a prince.

"Which girl is so lucky? I'm in love!"

"Is this a proposal? In this snowy weather, how romantic!"

"If I could wake up to such a handsome face every day, the rest of my life would be full of meaning!"

Chapter 1506: Tristan's Call

At this time, the sky was not yet dark, but dusk was about to descend. On the snowy white hill, various shaped snow lanterns had already lit up, along with the blooming plum trees. It was warm and romantic, attracting the attention of many young people.

"Wow, am I going to witness a proposal tonight?"

"How fortunate, this is so creative!"

"I see the effort put into this."

Everyone whispered, their faces wearing surprised smiles as if the person being proposed to was

themselves. Tristan had thoroughly inspected the place. The fairy lights hanging on the trees were blinking, creating an extremely romantic effect.

He returned to his car, took out his phone, and prepared to call the female lead of the night. At this time, in the brightly lit small house, Monica was sitting at the dining table, making dumplings with Belinda.

"I can eat ten later!" Having made some, she was already a bit hungry and praised, "Belinda's cooking skills are getting better and better, especially this filling, it's getting more and more skilled."

Belinda glanced at her and thought, after going out to eat later, where will you have the stomach to eat dumplings?

"I told you not to make them, you'll have to wash your hands later." Belinda had been waiting for her daughter's phone to ring.

"Why wash hands? We'll wash them after we finish making, two people making is always quicker than one, right?"

At this moment, Monica's phone really rang.

"The call, pick it up quickly!" Belinda whispered, guessing it would be Tristan.

"Who is it?" The girl put down the dumpling skin in her hand, hurriedly turned around to wash her hands, "Who would be calling me?"

Fortunately, the ringing continued...

After she washed and dried her hands and took out her phone to look, it was actually Tristan? Monica was surprised. She glanced at her mother and prepared to turn around and go upstairs.

"Just take it here!" Belinda was anxious, this child really knows how to delay! The phone had been ringing for quite a while!

The girl had no choice but to stop, and in front of her mother, her slender fingers were about to slide over the answer button. Belinda said lightly, "Turn on the speaker."

Monica's chest tightened slightly, was she being monitored?

But after she answered, she still turned on the speaker, "Hello?" The voice was gentle and careful.

"Where are you?" Tristan's tone was calm, "Want to come for a walk in the leisure plaza?"

"Now?" Monica's gaze fell on the table full of dumpling skins, she was about to say that she couldn't leave for the time being.

Belinda, however, spoke up first, "Hurry up and go! I'll make the dumplings! Bring him back to eat after the walk!"

Monica was shocked! This was actually what Belinda said!!

And Tristan, who heard this, was also somewhat surprised, but more so grateful. He really had her approval.

"Why are you standing there? Quickly agree." Belinda stared at her daughter, reminding her impatiently.

Although Monica was confused, she still agreed, "Okay, I'll be right over. My mom is making dumplings, do you want to come back later and eat together?"

"Okay." Tristan agreed happily.

After the call ended, Monica prepared to go out, but Belinda stopped her, "You're going out like this?"

She looked her daughter up and down, wide legged pants, a puffer jacket.

"Hmm." The girl stopped and turned around, "Is there a problem?"

Belinda looked at her with disdain, "Go up and change your clothes, dress up a bit, don't you have a chiffon dress in your closet? It looks quite fairy-like when you wear it."

"Belinda?" Monica walked over to her in surprise, "What's wrong with you today? I didn't see you

saying anything when I normally go out. What, do I need to dress up just for a walk?"

"Just change if I tell you to change, why so much nonsense?" Belinda rolled her eyes at her daughter,

"Doesn't that dress match the snowy scenery today? If you're in a good mood, you can even take some

pictures, the night view at the leisure plaza is quite beautiful."

How strange, did Belinda really understand all this?

And her attitude today was very unusual!

"Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and change." Belinda urged again, "If you delay any longer,

don't go out, stay here and make dumplings!"

Monica quickly turned around and ran upstairs without looking back!

Chapter 1507: The Female Lead Makes Her Entrance

After hearing her mother's words, Monica changed into a long white chiffon dress. The soft, five-layered

chiffon draped beautifully, paired with a pristine white high-necked sweater that was form-fitting yet

ethereal. She also donned a white beret, spinning around in front of the mirror, feeling revitalized.

Seeing her reflection, she felt a surge of happiness. Her mother, Belinda, hearing her daughter's

footsteps descending the stairs, looked up towards the staircase, "Go ahead, I'll make dumplings for you later. Just message me in advance."

Monica stared at her, nodding blankly, "Alright." Belinda was behaving out of character today, so much so that Monica was a bit unsettled.

But she was truly elated, "So, I'm leaving now?"

"Go ahead." Belinda's emotions were inscrutable.

Belinda was finally not opposing her relationship with Tristan. Monica left happily, humming a tune and ordered a car through an app.

Monica was a bit puzzled though. The leisure square wasn't far from here, why didn't Tristan come to pick her up?

However, the ride arrived quickly. She sat in the passenger seat and sent Tristan a Facebook message:

I'm in the car, are you there yet?

Tristan was actually already at the leisure square, he parked his car in a secluded spot, sitting inside.

But he replied: I'll be there soon.

Monica thought, he must be busy with something, hence he didn't come to pick her up.

Tristan asked her out for a walk, he must have missed her, right? He must like her too, right?

The thought of seeing him soon, and being able to bring him home for the dumplings her mother was making, filled her with joy.

She was excited all the way.

About ten minutes later, the taxi stopped outside the leisure square.

Monica scanned the QR code and exited the cab. Tiny snowflakes were still drifting down, the air was tinged with a hint of chill, the whole square blanketed in silver was a sight to behold.

Under the night sky, amidst the warm yellow lights, young figures could be seen everywhere.

It was a romantic season, and a romantic square.

Monica didn't call or message to hurry him, she simply started walking into the square. The music fountain in the distance looked amazing, the water spouting in tune with the changing music, accompanied by colorful lights.

The streetlights around the square began to light up, but the lights on a small hill in the distance caught her attention.

The entire hill was glowing, especially bright, and the fairy lights wrapped around the wax plum trees were breathtaking.

There were quite a few spectators over there...

Monica stepped on the snow, taking steps towards that direction.

When those cute shapes made of snow emitting a warm yellow light came into view one after another, she was astounded by the details.

"Snow lanterns!" She was truly delighted, seeing them for the first time in real life, "They're so beautiful!" She couldn't help but take out her phone to snap a few photos.

At the same time, Monica heard people around her anticipating, "There must be a special proposal ceremony tonight, dear, let's stick around and see, you could learn something!"

This was a girl speaking to a boy.

The boy replied, "It has to be original, can't just copy, right?"

"Copying is fine, I don't mind, I just like this romantic feeling."

Monica quietly took a few more photos, the images turned out to be exceptionally good.

While she was taking photos, she suddenly noticed a familiar figure in her camera view, it was Tristan!

Before she could fully react, Tristan began walking towards her.

At that moment, the many pairs of eyes that had been waiting focused on Tristan! Simply because he

exuded the aura of a male lead! His exceptional demeanor was truly unmatched.

"Hey!" Monica was nervous, she put away her phone, grabbed his arm, whispering, "Don't ruin their

setup, there's a proposal happening tonight! You need to get out of here!"

Just as Monica was pulling Tristan outside the pink 'caution line', Tristan grabbed her wrist with one

hand, lifted the line with the other, and pulled her in.

In that moment, the onlookers understood, the female lead of the night had made her entrance!

And Monica was still a bit slow to react.

Chapter 1509: Full of Details

Yes, she was moved to tears.

"I am willing, I am willing," the girl nodded repeatedly, her voice trembling lightly, her tone firm, "I am

willing..." Her beautiful eyes were shimmering with ripples.

At this moment, Tristan's heart was incredibly soft.

For the first time, he was seriously looking into her eyes at such a close distance. They were like whirlpools, captivating him and making him fall into them.

Dark as a pond, shimmering like waves, just like roses blooming in the deep night.

Tristan carefully held her hands, treasuring her as he pulled her into his arms, "Thank you, Monica."

The site once again erupted with applause!

Listening to his heartbeat, feeling the warmth from his chest, Monica wanted to say thank you even more. Thank him for giving her such an unforgettable ceremony...

Thank him for finally falling in love with her.

The pink caution tape was removed, and the applause was wave after wave. Couples of young people were deeply attracted by this scene, their faces and hearts were full of blessings.

The children from the welfare home walked in with their snow boots. They held fairy wands in their hands, naturally forming a circle.

Monica was a bit surprised. She left Tristan's arms, looking around at them, "...". The next second, soft accompaniment sounded, and the children began to play a love tune neatly with saxophones.

Bystanders clapped to the rhythm.

This atmosphere made Monica fall... too shocked.

Standing in the crowd, Belinda could clearly hear every lyric.

She heard the full love, and for a moment, her originally hardened heart couldn't help but feel a tingle in her nose.

Her daughter has grown up... she's starting her own life.

Belinda held her mobile phone, still taking pictures. Each captured moment was a testament to happiness.

Every moment of the confession just now, including Tristan putting the hairband on Monica, she had captured it.

In the crowd on the other side.

Algerone Swain was wearing a black down jacket, he too witnessed this scene, deeply moved.

Handing his daughter over to Tristan, he could relax one hundred percent.

At this time, Camille rushed over holding her dress, looking shocked at the two people standing hand in hand on the small hill.

It was Tristan and a... girl she didn't recognize!

And there was a group of children singing around them.

Everyone was clapping in rhythm, their faces were all wearing smiles of blessings, she was stunned!

The assistant ran over and stood next to her, also stunned for a moment.

"How is this possible? Wasn't I the main character?" Camille couldn't believe it, her gaze fell on Tristan,

she was emotionally stirred, even a bit angry.

But the assistant forcefully pulled her away, "Camille, there are people filming over there, you can't

barge in, this is just a misunderstanding."

"Why? Am I not excellent? Am I not sexy? Am I not rich? Why didn't he choose me?" A hundred

thousand whys popped into her mind.

"Why are there so many whys in matters of feelings? Let's go!" The assistant forcibly put her in the car,

"Forget him! Don't degrade yourself!"

Chapter 1510: Algerone Meets a Strong Rival

On the hill filled with ambiance, the lights were warm and yellow. When the song ended, Tristan

couldn't help but pull Monica into his arms again, holding her as if he were holding the entire world.

"If you're willing, I'll protect you for a lifetime, be the father of your child." He ran his fingers through her

long hair, whispering in her ear.

The girl blushed, the smile on her lips deepened. She dared not look into his eyes or respond, but it seemed like a flower bloomed in her heart.

Monica gently gripped the suit around his waist and carefully tiptoed up, moving her lips to his ear to whisper, "My mom made a lot of dumplings this afternoon, do you want to go home with me and have some?"

This was another detail filled with warmth. Tristan didn't have a mother. He had never enjoyed motherly love, nor had he ever eaten dumplings made by a mother.

Touched, Tristan's smile deepened. He held her shoulders, gazing into her eyes, and planted a passionate kiss on her forehead.

The venue erupted in applause once again!

At this point, Green brought over a bouquet of lilies. Tristan took the flowers and gave them to Monica, who smiled sweetly, "Thank you."

"Monica, Tristan, be happy forever!" Green was very happy.

Monica was moved. She smiled at the children around her. The children jumped excitedly, and the applause didn't stop.

Thinking of the many dumplings her mother had made, she looked for Mr. Adams in the crowd. He must be here too, right?

Sure enough, she soon saw him standing not far away.

Jack Adams, wearing a long black trench coat, watched her kindly, his eyes also filled with blessing.

At this time, Belinda had already left. She had to get home before Tristan to prepare the dumplings.

She was moved by the details of the evening, moved by Tristan. In her heart, she had accepted this young man.

When Algerone Swain saw the children, his eyes were always looking for Jack Adams.

After searching several times, he finally saw him 'hiding' behind a wax plum tree.

Algerone Swain was slightly startled. The grace and politeness that hit him made him feel like he had met a strong rival.

Algerone had to admit that Jack Adams had personal charm!

Soon, he saw his daughter walking arm in arm with Tristan towards Jack Adams. He didn't know what they were talking about, but they looked happy.

Algerone Swain saw the illusion of a father treating his daughter and felt very uncomfortable.

Monica invited him and the children to come home for dumplings, and he agreed.

So, Monica called Belinda, "Belinda, we ran into Mr. Adams and the children from the welfare home at the leisure square. You made a lot of dumplings, right? Cook more, we'll be back soon."

Jack Adams?

Honestly, Belinda didn't want him to come over. After all, what happened last time seemed to upset

Algerone, and she felt awkward about it.

But today was a special case. They were there for their daughter.

So, Belinda agreed.

"Let's go, kids! Let's take Mr. Adams to eat dumplings! My mom made them!" Monica was very happy.

"Monica looks so beautiful today!"

"The hairband on her head is also beautiful!"

"Just like a princess!"

She happily patted the children's heads, "Each of you is sweeter than the other!"

Before leaving, she thanked everyone who had witnessed their happy moment and waved goodbye to everyone.

Monica's smile was particularly infectious, and her approachable demeanor made everyone like her very much.

"Miss, you must be happy!"

"Hold the proposal ceremony here too! Let us witness it together!"

"Yes, yes, we will help you witness it!!"

"I love you, and you can confirm it to me over and over again, without getting tired."